



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &amp;c.

VOL. XI.—[II. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1834.

NO. 2.

## SELECT TALES.

## Abellino, the Bravo of Venice.

## CHAPTER VI.

Rosabella, the Doge's lovely Niece.

'HARK, comrade,' said Matteo the next morning to Abellino, 'to-day thou shalt make thy first step in our profession.'—

'To-day,' hoarsely murmured Abellino; 'and on whom am I to show my skill?'

'Nay, to say truth, 'tis but a woman; but one must not give too difficult a task to a young beginner. I will myself accompany you, and see how you conduct yourself in this first trial.'—

'Hum?' said Abellino, and measured Matteo with his eyes from head to foot.

'To-day about four o'clock thou shalt follow me to Dolabella's gardens, which are situated on the south side of Venice; we must both be disguised, you understand. In these gardens are excellent baths—and after using these baths, the Doge's niece, the lovely Rosabella of Corfu, frequently walks without attendants. And then—you conceive me?—

'And you will accompany me?—

'I will be a spectator of your first adventure; 'tis thus I deal by every one.'—

'And how many inches deep must I plunge my dagger?'

'To the hilt, boy, to the very hilt! Her death is required, and the payment will be princely; Rosabella in the grave, we are rich for life.'—

Every other point was soon adjusted. Noon was now past, the clock in the neighboring church of the Benedictines struck four, and Matteo and Abellino were already forth.

They arrived at the gardens of Dolabella, which that day were unusually crowded. Every shady avenue was thronged with people of both sexes; every arbor was occupied by the persons most distinguished in Venice; in every corner sighed love-sick couples, as they waited for the wished approach of twilight; and on every side did strains of vocal and instrumental music pour their harmony on the enchanted ear.

Abellino mingled with the crowd. A most respectable looking peruke concealed the repulsive ugliness of his features; he imitated the walk and manners of a gouty old man, and supported himself by a crutch, as he walked slowly through the assembly. His habit, richly embroidered, procured for him universally a good reception, and no one scrupled to enter into conversation with him respecting the weather, the commerce of the

republic, or the designs of its enemies; and on none of these subjects was Abellino found incapable of sustaining the discourse.

By these means he soon contrived to gain intelligence that Rosabella was certainly in the gardens, how she was habited, and in what quarter he was most likely to find her.

Thither he immediately bent his course; and hard at his heels followed Matteo.

Alone, and in the most retired arbor, sat Rosabella of Corfu, the fairest maid in Venice.

Abellino drew near the arbor; he tottered, as he past its entrance, like one oppressed with sudden faintness, and attracted Rosabella's attention.

'Alas! alas!' cried he, 'is there no one at hand who will take compassion on the infirmity of a poor old man?'

The Doge's fair niece quitted the arbor hastily, and flew to give assistance to the sufferer.

'What ails you, my good father? she inquired in a melodious voice, and with a look of benevolent anxiety.

Abellino pointed towards the arbor; Rosabella led him in, and placed him on a seat of turf.

'God reward you, lady!' stammered Abellino faintly; he raised his eyes; they met Rosabella's, and a blush crimsoned his pale cheeks.

Rosabella stood in silence before the disguised assassin, and trembled with tender concern for the old man's illness; and oh! that expression of interest ever makes a lovely woman look so much *more* lovely!—She bent her delicate form over the man who was bribed to murder her and after a while asked him in the gentlest tone—'Are you not better?'

'Better?' stammered the deceiver with a feeble voice;—'better?—oh! yes, yes, yes!—you—you are the Doge's niece? the noble Rosabella of Corfu?'

'The same, my good old man.'

'Oh! lady—I have something to tell you—Be on your guard—start not—what I would say is of the utmost consequence, and demands the greatest prudence—Ah! God, that there should live men so cruel—Lady, your life is in danger.'

The maiden started back; the color fled from her cheeks.

'Do you wish to behold your assassin?—You shall not die, but if you value your life be silent.'

Rosabella knew not what to think; the presence of the old man terrified her.

'Fear nothing, lady, fear nothing; you have nothing to fear, while I am with you—

Before you quit this arbor, you shall see the assassin expire at your feet.'

Rosabella made a movement, as she would have fled; but suddenly the person who sat beside her was no longer an infirm old man. He, who a minute before had scarcely strength to mutter out a few sentences, and reclined against the arbor trembling like an aspen, sprang up with the force of a giant, and drew her back with one arm.

'For the love of Heaven,' she cried, 'release me! Let me fly.'

'Lady, fear nothing; I protect you.' Thus said, Abellino placed a whistle at his lips, and blew it shrilly.

Instantly sprang Matteo from his concealment in a neighboring clump of trees, and rushed into the arbor. Abellino threw Rosabella on the bank of turf, advanced a few steps to meet Matteo, and plunged his dagger in his heart.

Without uttering a single cry sank the Banditti Captain at the feet of Abellino; the death-rattle was heard in his throat, and after a few horrible convulsions all was over.

Now did Matteo's murderer look again towards the arbor, and beheld Rosabella half senseless, as she lay on the bank of turf.

'Your life is safe, beautiful Rosabella,' said he; 'there lies the villain bleeding, who conducted me hither to murder you. Recover yourself; return to your uncle the Doge, and tell him that you owe your life to Abellino.'

Rosabella could not speak. Trembling she stretched her arms towards him, grasped his hand, and pressed it to her lips in silent gratitude.

Abellino gazed with delight and wonder on the lovely sufferer; and in such a situation who could have beheld her without emotion?—Rosabella had scarcely numbered seventeen summers; her light and delicate limbs, enveloped in a thin white garment which fell around her in a thousand folds; her blue and melting eyes whence beamed the expression of purest innocence; her forehead, white as ivory, overshadowed by the ringlets of her bright dark hair; cheeks whence, terror had now stolen the roses; lips which a seducer had never poisoned with his kisses; such was Rosabella, a creature in whose formation partial nature seemed to have omitted nothing which might constitute the perfection of female loveliness—Such was she; and being such, the wretched Abellino may be forgiven, if for some few minutes he stood like one enchanted, and bartered for those few minutes the tranquillity of his heart forever.

By Him who made me,' cried he at

length, 'oh! thou art fair, Rosabella; Valeria was not fairer!'

He bowed himself down to her, and imprinted a burning kiss on the pale cheeks of the beauty.

'Leave me thou dreadful man!' she stammered in terror! 'oh leave me!—'

'Ah! Rosabella, why art thou so beautiful, and why am I—Know'st thou who kissed thy cheek Rosabella? Go! tell thy uncle, the proud Doge, 'Twas the Bravo Abellino'—he said and rushed out of the arbor.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### The Bravo's Bride.

It was not without good reason, that Abellino took his departure in such haste. He had quitted the spot but a few minutes, when a large party accidentally strolled that way, and discovered with astonishment the corpse of Matteo, and Rosabella pale and trembling in the arbor.

A crowd immediately collected itself around them. It increased with every moment, and Rosabella was necessitated to repeat what had happened to her for the satisfaction of every new-comer.

In the meanwhile some of the Doge's courtiers who happened to be among the crowd, hastened to call her attendants together; her gondola was already waiting for her, and the terrified girl soon reached her uncle's palace in safety.

In vain was an embargo laid upon every other gondola; in vain did they examine every person, who was in the Gardens of Dolabella at the time, when the murdered assassin was first discovered—No traces could be found of Abellino.

The report of this strange adventure spread like wild fire through Venice—Abellino (for Rosabella had preserved but too well in her memory that dreadful name, and by the relation of her danger had given it universal publicity) Abellino was the object of general wonder and curiosity. Every one pitied the poor Rosabella for what she had suffered, execrated the villain who had bribed Matteo to murder her, and endeavored to connect the different circumstances together by the help of one hypothesis or other, among which it would have been difficult to decide which was the most improbable.

Every one who heard the adventure told it again, and every one who told it, again added something of his own; till at length it was made into a complete romantic novel, which might have been entitled with great propriety 'The Power of Beauty;' for the Venetian gentlemen and ladies had settled the point among themselves completely to their own satisfaction, that Abellino would undoubtedly have assassinated Rosabella, had he not been prevented by her uncommon beauty. But though Abellino's interference had preserved her life, it was doubted much whether this adventure would be at all relished by her destined bridegroom, the Prince of Monaldeschi, a Neapolitan of the first rank, possessed of immense wealth and extensive influence. The Doge had for sometime been secretly engaged in negotiating a match between his niece and this powerful nobleman, who was soon expected to make his appearance at Venice. The motive of his journey, in spite of all the Doge's precaution, had been divulged, and it was no longer a secret to any but Rosabella, who had never seen the Prince,

and could not imagine, why his expected visit should excite such general curiosity.

Thus far the story had been told much to Rosabella's credit; but at length the women began to envy her for her share in the adventure. The kiss which she had received from the Bravo afforded them an excellent opportunity for throwing out a few malicious insinuations—'She received a great service,' said one, 'and there's no saying how far the fair Rosabella in the warmth of gratitude may have been carried in rewarding her preserver!'—'Very true,' observed another, 'and for my part I think it not very likely, that the fellow being alone with a pretty girl whose life he had just saved, should have gone away contented with a single kiss!'—'Come, come,' interrupted a third, 'do not let us judge uncharitably; the fact may be exactly as the lady relates it; though I must say, that gentlemen of Abellino's professions are not usually so pretty behaved, and that this is the first time I ever heard of a Bravo in the Platonic.'

In short, Rosabella and the horrible Abellino furnished the indolent and gossiping Venetians with conversation so long that at length the Doge's niece was universally known by the honorable appellation of the 'Bravo's Bride.'

But no one gave himself more trouble about this affair than the Doge, the good but proud Andreas. He immediately issued orders, that every person of suspicious appearance should be watched more closely than ever; the night patrols were doubled; and spies were employed daily in procuring intelligence of Abellino; and yet all was in vain, Abellino's retreat was inscrutable.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### The Conspiracy.

'CONFUSION!' exclaimed Parozzi a Venetian nobleman of the first rank, as he paced his chamber with a disordered air, on the morning after Matteo's murder; 'now all curses light upon the villain's awkwardness! Yet it seems inconceivable to me how all this should have fallen out so untowardly? Has any one discovered my designs?—I know well, that Verrino loves Rosabella; was it he, who opposed this confounded Abellino to Matteo, and charged him to mar my plans against her?—This seems likely. And now, when the Doge inquires who it was that employed assassins to murder his niece, what other will be suspected than Parozzi, the discontented lover to whom Rosabella refused her hand, and whom Andreas hates past hope of reconciliation?—And now having once found the scent—Parozzi! Parozzi! should the crafty Andreas get an insight into your plans—should he learn, that you have placed yourself at the head of a troop of hair-brained youth—hair-brained may I well call children who in order to avoid the rod set fire to their paternal mansion—Parozzi should all this be revealed to Andreas.—'

Here his reflections were interrupted. Memmo, Falieri, and Contarino entered the room, three young Venetians of the highest rank, Parozzi's inseparable companions, men depraved both in mind and body, spendthrifts, voluptuaries, well known to every usurer in Venice, and owing more than their paternal inheritance would ever admit of their paying.

Why how is this Parozzi?' cried Memmo, as he entered, (a wretch whose very features exhibited marks of that libertinism to which

his life had been dedicated) 'I can scarce recover myself from my astonishment! For Heaven's sake is this report true? Did you really hire Matteo to murder the Doge's niece?'

'I?' exclaimed Parozzi, and hastily turned away to hide the deadly paleness which overspread his countenance; 'why should you suppose that any such design—surely Memmo, you are distracted!—'

Memmo.—By my soul I speak but the plain matter of fact. Nay, only ask Falieri; he can tell you more.

Falieri.—Faith, 'tis certain Parozzi, that Lomellino has declared to the Doge as a truth beyond doubting, that *you*, and none but *you* were the person, who instigated Matteo to attempt Rosabella's life.

Parozzi.—And I tell you again, that Lomellino knows not what he says.

Contarino.—Well, well! be upon your guard. Andreas is a terrible fellow to deal with.

Falieri.—He terrible? I tell you, he is the most contemptible blockhead that the universe can furnish! Courage perhaps he possesses, but of brains not an atom.

Contarino.—And I tell you that Andreas is as brave as a lion, and as crafty as a fox.

Falieri.—Psha! Psha! Every thing would go to wreck and ruin, were it not for the wiser heads of this triumvirate of counsellors, whom Heaven confound! Deprive him of Paolo, Manfrone, Conari, and Lomellino, and the Doge would stand there looking as foolish as a school-boy, who was going to be examined, and had forgotten his lesson.

Parozzi.—Falieri is in the right.

Memmo.—Quite! quite!

Falieri.—And then Andreas is as proud as a beggar grown rich and drest in his first suit of embroidery? By St. Anthony, he is become quite insupportable!—Do you not observe how he increases the number of his attendants daily?

Memmo.—Nay, that is an undoubted fact.

Contarino.—And then to what an unbounded extent has he carried his influence!—the Signoria, the Quaranti, the Procurators of St. Mark, the Avocatori, all think and act, exactly as it suits the Doge's pleasure and convenience! Every soul of them depends as much on that one man's humor and caprices, as puppets do, who nod or shake their wooden heads just as the fellow behind the curtain thinks proper to move the wires.

Parozzi.—And yet the populace idolizes this Andreas!

Memmo.—Aye, that is the worst part of the story.

Falieri.—But never credit me again, if he does not experience a reverse of fortune speedily.

Contarino.—That might happen, would we but set our shoulders to the wheel stoutly. But what do we do? We pass our time in taverns and brothels, drink and game, and throw ourselves headlong into such an ocean of debts, that the best swimmer must sink at last. Let us resolve to make the attempt: let us seek recruits on all sides; let us labor with all our might and main: things must change; or if they do not, take my word for it, my friends, this world is no longer a world for us.

Memmo.—Nay, it's a melancholy truth, that during the last half year my creditors have been ready to beat my door down with knocking; I am awakened out of my sleep in



the morning and lulled to rest again at night with no other music than their eternal clamors.

*Parozzi.*—Ha! ha! ha!—As for me I need not tell you how I am situated!

*Falieri.*—Had we been less extravagant, we might at this moment have been sitting quietly in our palaces, and—But as things stand now.—

*Parozzi.*—Well—'as things stand now'—I verily believe, that Falieri is going to moralize!

*Contarino.*—That is ever the way with old sinners, when they have lost the power to sin any longer:—then they are ready to weep over their past life, and talk loudly about repentance and reformation. Now, for my own part I am perfectly well satisfied with my wanderings from the common beaten paths of morality and prudence. They serve to convince me, that I am not one of your everyday men, who sit cramped up in the chimney-corner, lifeless and phlegmatic, and shudder, when they hear of any extraordinary occurrence. Nature evidently intended me to be a libertine, and I am determined to fulfill my destination. Why, if spirits like ours were not produced every now and then, the world would absolutely go fast asleep; but we rouse it by deranging the old order of things, force mankind to quicken their snail's pace, furnish a million of idlers with riddles which they puzzle their brains about without being able to comprehend, infuse some few hundreds of new ideas into the heads of the great multitude, and, in short, are as useful to the world, as tempests are which dissipate those exhalations, with which Nature otherwise would poison herself.

*Falieri.*—Excellent sophistry, by my honor! Why, Contarino, ancient Rome has had an irreparable loss in not having numbered you among her orators: it is a pity though, that there should be so little that's solid wrapped up in so many fine sounding words. Now learn, that while you, with this rare talent of eloquence, have been most unmercifully wearing out the patience of your good natured hearers, Falieri has been in action! The Cardinal Gonzaga is discontented with the government; heaven knows what Andreas has done to make him so vehemently his enemy; but, in short, Gonzaga now belongs to our party.

*Parozzi.*—(with astonishment and delight) —Falieri, are you in your senses?—The Cardinal Gonzaga?

*Falieri.*—Is ours, and ours both body and soul. I confess, I was first obliged to rhodomontade a good deal to him about our patriotism, our glorious designs, our love for freedom and so forth; in short, Gonzaga is an hypocrite, and therefore is Gonzaga the fitter for us.

*Contarino.*—(clasping Falieri's hand)—Bravo, my friend! Venice shall see a second edition of Cataline's conspiracy.—Now then it is my turn to speak, for I have not been idle since we parted. In truth I have as yet caught nothing, but I have made myself master of an all-powerful net, with which I doubt not to capture the best half of Venice. You all know the Marchioness Olympia?

*Parozzi.*—Does not each of us keep a list of the handsomest women in the republic, and can we have forgotten number one?

*Falieri.*—Olympia and Rosabella are the goddesses of Venice: our youths burn incense on no other altars.

*Contarino.*—Olympia is my own.

*Falieri.*—How?

*Parozzi.*—Olympia?

*Contarino.*—Why how now? Why stare ye, as I had prophesied to you that the skies were going to fall. I tell you Olympia's heart is mine, and that I possess her entire and most intimate confidence. Our connexion must remain a profound secret; but depend on it, whatever I wish she wishes also, and you know she can make half the nobility in Venice dance to the sound of her pipe, let her play what tune she pleases.

*Parozzi.*—Contarino you are our master.

*Contarino.*—And you had not the least suspicion, how powerful an ally I was laboring to procure for you?

*Parozzi.*—I must blush for myself while I listen to you, since as yet I have done nothing. Yet this I must say in my excuse, had Matteo, bribed by my gold, accomplished Rosabella's murder, the Doge would have been robbed of that chain, with which he holds the chief men of Venice attached to his government. Andreas would have no merit, were Rosabella once removed. The most illustrious families would care no longer for his friendship, were their hopes of a connexion with him by means of his niece buried in her grave. Rosabella will one day be the Doge's heiress.

*Memmo.*—All that I can do for you in this business is to provide you with pecuniary supplies. My old miserable uncle, whose whole property becomes mine at his death, has brim-full coffers, and the old miser dies when ever I say the word.

*Falieri.*—You have suffered him to live too long already.

*Memmo.*—Why, I never have been able to make up my mind entirely to—You would scarcely believe it, friends, but at times I am so hypocondriac, that I could almost fancy I feel twinges of conscience.

*Contarino.*—Indeed! Then take my advice, go into a monastery.

*Memmo.*—Yes, truly, that would suit me to a hair!

*Falieri.*—Our first care must be to find out our old acquaintances, Matteo's companions: yet having hitherto always transacted business with them through their captain, I know not where they are to be met with.

*Parozzi.*—As soon as they are found, their first employment must be the removal of the Doge's trio of advisers.

*Contarino.*—That were an excellent idea, if it were but as easily done as said!—Well then, my friends, this principal point at least is decided. Either we will bury our debts under the ruins of the existing constitution of the republic, or make Andreas a gift of our heads towards strengthening the walls of the building—In either case we shall at least obtain quiet. Necessity, with her whip of serpents, has driven us to the very highest point of her rock, whence we must save ourselves by some act of extraordinary daring, or be precipitated on the opposite side into the abyss of shame and eternal oblivion. The next point to be considered is how we may best obtain supplies for our necessary expenses, and induce others to join with us in our plans. For this purpose we must use every artifice to secure in our interests the courtizans of the greatest celebrity in Venice. What we should be unable to effect by every power of persuasion, banditti by their daggers, and princes by their treasures, can one of these Phyrnes

accomplish with a single look. Where the terrors of the scaffold are without effect, and the priest's exhortations are heard with coldness, a wanton kiss and a tender promise often perform wonders. The most vigilant fidelity drops to sleep on the voluptuous bosoms of these witches; the warmth of their kisses can thaw the lips of Secrecy itself; and the bell which sounded the hour of assignation, has often rang the knell of the most sacred principles and most steadfast resolutions. But should you either fail to gain the mastery over the minds of these women, or fear to be yourselves entangled in the nets which you wish to spread for others, in these cases you must have recourse to the holy father confessors. Flatter the pride of these insolent Friars; paint for them upon the blank leaf of futurity bishop's mitres, patriarchal missions, the hats of cardinals, and the keys of St. Peter; my life upon it, they will spring at the bait, and you will have them completely at your disposal. These hypocrites who govern the consciences of the bigoted Venetians, hold man and woman, the noble and the mendicant, the Doge and the gondolier, bound fast in the chains of superstition, by which they can lead them wheresoever it best suits their pleasure. It will save us tons of gold in gaining over proselytes and keeping their consciences quiet when gained, if we can but obtain the assistance of the confessors, whose blessings and curses pass with the multitude for current coin. Now then to work, comrades, and so farewell.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Cinthia's dwelling.

SCARCELY had Abellino achieved the bloody deed which employed every tongue in Venice, than he changed his dress and whole appearance with so much expedition and success as to prevent the slightest suspicion of his being Matteo's murderer. He quitted the gardens unquestioned, nor left the least trace which could lead to a discovery.

He arrived at Cinthia's dwelling. It was already evening. Cinthia opened the door, and Abellino entered the common apartment.

'Where are the rest?' said he in a savage tone of voice, whose sound made Cinthia tremble.

'They have been asleep,' she answered, 'since mid-day. Probably they mean to go out on some pursuit to-night.'

Abellino threw himself into a chair, and seemed to be lost in thought.

'But why are you always so gloomy, Abellino,' said Cinthia, drawing near him; 'it's that which makes you so ugly. Prithee away with those frowns—they make your countenance look worse than nature made it.'

Abellino gave no answer.

'Really, you are enough to frighten a body!—Come now, let us be friends, Abellino; I begin not to dislike you, and to endure your appearance; and I don't know but—'

'Go! wake the sleepers!' roared the Bravo.

'The sleepers? Psha! let them sleep on, the stupid rogues! Sure you are not afraid to be alone with me? Mercy on me, one would think I looked as terrible as yourself! Do I?—Nay, look on me, Abellino!'

Cinthia to say the truth was by no means an ill-looking girl; her eyes were bright and expressive; her hair fell in shining ringlets

over her bosom; her lips were red and full, and she bowed them towards Abellino's—But Abellino's were still sacred by the touch of Rosabella's cheek—He started from his seat and removed (yet gently) Cinthia's hand, which rested on his shoulder.

'Wake the sleepers, my good girl,' said he, 'I must speak with them this moment.'

Cinthia hesitated.

'Nay, go!' said he in a fierce voice.

Cinthia retired in silence; yet as she crossed the threshold, she stopped for an instant, and menaced him with her finger.

Abellino strode through the chamber with hasty steps, his head reclining on his shoulder, his arms folded over his breast.

'The first step is taken,' said he to himself;—there is one moral monster the less on earth. I have committed no sin by this murder; I have but performed a sacred duty—Aid me, thou Great and Good, for arduous is the task before me. Ah! should that task be gone through with success, and Rosabella be the reward of my labors—Rosabella?—What shall the Doge bestow his niece on the outcast Abellino?—Oh! madman that I am to hope it, never can I reach the goal of my wishes!—No! never was there frenzy to equal mine! To attach myself at first sight to—Yet Rosabella is capable of this enchanting at first sight!—Rosabella and Valeria!—To be beloved by two such women—Yet though 'tis impossible to attain, the striving to attain such an end is glorious! Illusions so delightful will at least make me happy for a moment, and alas! the wretched Abellino needs some such illusions, that for a moment will make him happy!—Oh! surely knew the world what I gladly would accomplish, the world would both love and pity me.'

Cinthia returned—the four Bravos followed her, yawning, grumbling, and still half asleep.

'Come, come!' said Abellino; 'rouze yourselves, lads! Before I say any thing, be convinced that you are wide awake, for what I am going to tell you is so strange, that you would scarce believe it in a dream.'

They listened to him with an air of indifference and impatience.

'Why, what's the matter now?' said Thomaso, while he stretched himself.

Neither more nor less, than that our honest, hearty, brave Matteo—is murdered!

'What!—Murdered?' every one exclaimed and gazed with looks of terror on the bearer of this unwelcome news; while Cinthia gave a loud scream, and clasping her hands together, sunk almost breathless into a chair.

A general silence prevailed for some time.

'Murdered?' at length repeated Thomaso—and by whom?

Baluzzo.—Where?

Petrino.—What? this afternoon?

Abellino.—In the gardens of Dolabella, where he was found bleeding at the feet of the Doge's niece. Whether he fell by her hand, or by that of one of her admirers, I cannot say.

Cinthia.—(weeping)—poor dear Matteo!

Abellino.—About this time to-morrow you will see his corpse exhibited on the gibbet.

Petrino.—What! did any one recognize him?

Abellino.—Yes, yes! there's no doubt about his trade, you may depend on't.

Cinthia.—The gibbet!—Poor dear Matteo!

Thomaso.—This is a fine piece of work!

Baluzzo.—Confound the fellow! who would

have thought of any thing happening so unluckily.

Abellino.—Why how now? You seem to be overcome?

Struzza.—I cannot recover myself: surprise and terror have almost stupified me!

Abellino.—Indeed! by my life, when I heard the news I burst into laughter—'Signor Matteo,' said I, 'I wish your worship joy of your safe arrival.'

Thomaso.—What?

Struzza.—You laughed? Hang me if I can see what there is to laugh at!

Abellino.—Why surely you are not afraid of receiving what you are so ready to bestow on others?—What is your object? What can we expect as our reward at the end of our labors, except the gibbet or the rack? What memorials of our actions shall we leave behind us, except our skeletons dancing in the air, and the chains which rattle around them?—He who chooses to play the Bravo's part on the great theatre of the world, must not be afraid of death, whether it comes at the hands of the physician or of the executioner. Come, come! pluck up your spirits, comrades.

Thomaso.—That's easy to say, but quite out of my power.

Petrino.—Mercy on me how my teeth chatter!

Baluzzo.—Prithee, Abellino be composed for a moment or two! your gaiety at a time like this is quite horrible.

Cinthia.—Oh! me! oh! me!—Poor murdered Matteo!

Abellino.—Hey dey! Why, what is all this?—Cinthia, my life, are you not ashamed of being such a child? Come, let you and I renew that conversation which my sending you to wake these gentlemen interrupted—Sit down by me, sweetheart and give me a kiss.

Cinthia.—Out upon you, monster!

Abellino.—What, have you altered your mind, my pretty dear?—Well, well;—with all my heart!—When you are in the humor, I may not have the inclination.

Baluzzo.—Death and the devil, Abellino, is this a time for talking nonsense? Prithee keep such trash for a fitter occasion, and let us consider what we are to do just now.

Petrino.—Nay this is no season for trifling.

Struzza.—Tell us, Abellino, you are a clever fellow, what course is it best for us to take?

Abellino.—(after a pause)—Nothing must be done or a great deal—One of two things must we choose. Either we must remain where we are, and what we are, murder honest men to please any rascal who will give us gold and fair words, and make up our minds to be hung, broken on the wheel, condemned to the galleys, burnt alive, crucified or beheaded, at the long run, just as it may seem best to the supreme authority; or else—

Thomaso.—Or else?—Well?

Abellino.—Or else we must divide the spoils which are already in our possession, quit the republic, begin a new and better life, and endeavor to make our peace with heaven. We have already wealth enough to make it unnecessary for us to ask—'How shall we get our bread?'—You may either buy an estate in some foreign country, or keep an Osteria, or engage in commerce, or set up some trade, or, in short do whatever you like best, so that you do but abandon the profes-

sion of an assassin. Then we may look out for a wife among the pretty girls of our own rank in life, become the happy fathers of sons and daughters, may eat and drink in peace and security, and make amends by the honesty of our future lives for the offences of our past.

Thomaso.—Ha! ha! ha!

Abellino.—What you do, that will I do too; I will either hang or be broken on the wheel along with you, or become an honest man, just as you please—Now then, what is your decision?

Thomaso.—Was there ever such a stupid counsellor!

Petrino.—Our decision? Nay, the point is not very difficult to decide.

Abellino.—I should have thought it had been.

Thomaso.—Without more words then, I vote for our remaining as we are, and carrying on our old trade: that will bring us in plenty of gold, and enable us to lead a jolly life.

Petrino.—Right, lad! You speak my thoughts exactly.

Thomaso.—We are Bravos, it's true; but what then? We are honest fellows, and the devil take him who dares to say we are not. However, at any rate we must keep within doors for a few days, lest we should be discovered; for I warrant you the Doge's spies are abroad in search of us by this. But as soon as the pursuit is over, be it our first business to find out Matteo's murderer, and throttle him out of hand as a warning to all others.

All.—Bravo! bravissimo!

Petrino.—And from this day forth I vote that Thomaso should be our Captain.

Struzza.—Aye, in Matteo's stead.

All.—Right! right!

Abellino.—To which I say amen with all my heart—now then all is decided.

[To be Continued.]

## COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### Brougham.

COULD we portray the character of this man and bring it to bear upon our own stations in life, a rich reward no doubt would be realized. In reviewing his history, how easily can we bring his mighty powers so near, that their influence may affect the very soul—may inflame the passions—may prompt to schemes noble—far nobler than yet we ere conceived—Man, says Mr. Locke, is a species of Chameleon, he takes a tincture from the objects that surround him. And why is this principle void? Sure, the examples of our literary fathers inspire to renown, which, particularly in this country, is attainable from the very circumstance of every person being his own architect, and necessarily among young men produces rivalry. The eye of the world is ever open, ever ready to take cognizance of all a man does. If he do well, it encourages; if ill, the sensitive feel its rebuke. Here, we know no distinction of men; the poor rise, the rich degenerate. Then, O then, on what can man rely?—



By what process are those principles to be obtained so necessary and subservient to distinguishment? we answer, the same spirit that influenced Henry Brougham—persevere and observe. Plain philosophy teaches that more true fame is acquired by industry than by the superior qualities of the mind, which latter function often most fatally deludes. Demosthenes, Julius Cæsar, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon, &c. though different in their intellectual and moral qualities, were renowned as hard-workers. The organization of the human system, both mentally and physically, is framed for labor—the former to suggest, the latter to execute. These principles formed the precedents of Brougham's celebrity. No special evidence of superior faculties is given in his school-boy days, but rather denounced as being a great worker and of little genius, which renders it more certain that his whole life must have been impressed with a deeply seated conviction of the paramount importance, the indispensable necessity of earnest, unwearied and unremitting labor as a stimulus to the great banquet of knowledge. '*Labor vincit omnia*,' was the motto ever to encourage and inspire him with that mighty and all-comprehending principle of knowing men and things in their infinite and diversified relations; a fixed determination to become eminent so buoyed him above disparagement, that like the invincible Cromwell, when fixed on his course, he pursued it with all the majesty of self-confidence and unbending resolution that obstructions retired before him as feeble beasts flee from the Lion of the forest.

The applause of public opinion is a continual feast to the ambitious mind—even so with Brougham. In despite of every vicissitude common to young aspirants, he went on, carrying along knowledge uncircumscribed in its nature. His every touch, either in science or literature, procured the praise due to his extraordinary acquirements. The profession of the law he elected as a greater sphere to test whether there was reality in labor towards perfecting distinction; in which capacity appeared no less energy of will than he had already displayed so conspicuously in other pursuits. Nothing could swerve his fixed attention—holier motives than empty applause prompted—that he reasoned in humanity's cause, and plead that the oppressed go free, as a jurist and as an advocate, no man dare question. The house of Lords never knew his superior. When addressed by Brougham, they were made to feel as if they were members of the most illustrious assembly in the world—his comprehensive schemes and untiring vigilance modulated every subject to his will, no matter how sublime or how common—how abstruse

or how practical—by the ease and familiarity with which he spoke, it seemed as though he inherited the intellectual powers of many by-gone ages and was able to concentrate the whole into one intense and tremendous focus.

Such was the eloquence of the man who fixed the gaze of multitudes every where. Advices of approbation and encouragement were heard from every abode to cheer him on. His voice, coarse and portentous, like the tempestuous tornado, carried every thing in its course. It rolled on and on and so fearfully audible to his antagonists, that silence and solemnity pervaded his assemblies as though the angel of retribution was sounding the final trump. He gathered every thing far and near for his use, till the collected materials became big and black with favorable omens in his behalf ere their impetus hurled the impending bolt.

'He was a man  
Versed in the world as pilot in his compass,  
The needle pointed ever to that interest  
Which was his load-star; and he spread his sails  
With vantage to the gale of others' passion.'

Brougham is now LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of England. He was born in the county of Westmoreland in 1769—consequently, is 65 years of age.

PHILOM.

June, 1834.

### TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From Munday's Sketches in India.

#### Napoleon's Grave.

'ABOUT half an acre round the grave is railed in.—At the gate we were received by an old corporal of the St. Helena corps, who has the care of the place. The tomb itself consists of a square stone, about ten feet by seven, surrounded with a plain iron railing.—Four or five weeping willows, their stems leaning towards the grave, hang their pensive branches over it.—The willows are decaying fast and one of them rests upon the sharp spears of the railing, which are buried in its trunk—as though it were committing suicide for very grief. The foliage of the rest is thinned and disfigured by the frequent and almost exhaustible depredations of visitors. Fresh cuttings have however, been planted by the governor, who intends, moreover, to set cypresses round the outer fence.—Madame Bertrand's *immortelles* have proved, alas! mortal. The fierce tall old corporal who came out from England, with the ex-emperor, was full of his praises: 'I saw the general often,' said the old fellow: 'he had an eye in his head like an eagle!'—He described the pilgrims to this spot—their Kilda—as most affecting. Some are extravagant beyond measure in their grief: falling on their faces round the railing (which they never enter as foreigners do,) praying, weeping, and even tearing their hair. After inscribing our names in a book—into which also appropriate poetry and ribald nonsense finds its way, we drank to Napoleon's immortal memory, in his own favorite spring, and mounting our steeds, spurred towards Plantation House.'

'O! high ambition lowly laid.'

### Women in England.

GRANT THORBURN is on a visit to Britain. In a letter to the editor of the New-York, Commercial Advertiser, he describes some things that he has seen in London. The following is an extract.

'I saw in London, women dressed neat and clean, trundling wheelbarrows in the middle of the streets, seemingly carrying home, or taking clothes to be washed. In the markets of London and Liverpool, are thousands of women, who make their living by carrying home the meat and vegetables. They have round baskets which they place on their heads. I have met delicate, good-looking females, trembling under the loads which they carried.

'I saw two well-dressed young French women in the streets of Liverpool—they had a small organ, fixed on a four wheeled hand wagon. As the two dragged it along, they would stop play and sing, with a mob around, who gave them a few pennies. I also saw a woman on the high-way, breaking stones to Macadamize the road. On another occasion, I saw a woman, having a young child buckled on her back.—She was driving a one horse cart laden with coals, going up a steep part of the road, and the load being rather heavy for the horse, she took hold of the wheel and helped it to roll along till she got to the top of the hill. I thought this was most emphatically clapping the shoulder to the wheel. I thought if Trollope and Fiddler had seen such things in America, what a fine subject it would have been, to make for them a book.

'As far as I can observe, if the remark be true, that respect paid to women, is the true standard of refinement—I think America is at least half a century ahead of them London folks. In short many, very many of the laborious, and menial offices are here performed by women.'

### MISCELLANY.

#### Eloquence and Humor of Patrick Henry.

Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distress of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and, on the establishment of peace, Hook, on the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the district court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have deported himself in this cause to his infinite enjoyment. Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience: at one time he excited their indignation against Hook: vengeance was visible in every countenance: again, when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed, almost naked, to the rigors of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they trod with the blood of their unshod feet. Where was the man, he said, who had an American heart in

his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? There he stands—but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentleman, are to judge. He then carried the jury by the powers of his imagination to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of: he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence—the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches—they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of ‘Washington and liberty,’ as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river—‘but, hark! what notes of discord are these, which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamation of victory—they are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, ‘Beef! beef! beef!’

The whole audience were convulsed: a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court-house, and threw himself on the grass, in the most violent paroxysm of laughter, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. ‘Jemmy Steptoe,’ said he to the clerk, ‘what the devil ails ye, mon?’ Mr. Steptoe was only able to say that he could not help it. ‘Never mind ye,’ said Hook; ‘wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he’ll show him the la!’ Mr. Cowan however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that, when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form’s sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry’s speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of beef; it was the cry of tar and feathers; from the application of which it is said, that nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.

### The Royal Sportsman.

The long stay of his royal highness the Duke of Sussex, at Ranton, the seat of the Earl of Litchfield, has been a matter of some mirth among sportsmen. The duke’s fowling pieces were ready loaded for him, and he was placed at the corner of the cover, where the pheasants were flushed before him like pigeons from a trap, as fast as he could fire. The country people will have it, that some were pulled down by a string fastened to their legs. The compliments paid to the royal sportsman on each shot, were something like those paid to old Sheridan, in Norfolk, by an Irish servant belonging to —, who attended him on his shooting excursion, and which old Sherry retold with glee.

Shot the first, (the birds all getting away.)—Fore Gad your honor, did you see one

little gentleman drow his leg as he went off: he’ll never stand on his tin toes again!

Shot the second, (ditto, ditto.)—By the powers; there they go! But didn’t your honor hear the shot rattle among them like *pase* against a winder? They’ll pray to never see your honor again this side of the country!

Shot the third, (birds all off again.)—Blood and ouns, but they’ve caught it! (After watching them awhile.)—There’s three wounded, only how, for they could but just get over yonder hedge; They’ll get no sleep this blessed night!

Shot the fourth, (a pheasant gets away.)—Well, I never saw a poor gentleman so like him! He’ll remember you many a day to come! The spalpeen carried away more shot than would set up an ironmonger at Bally-shannon.

Shot the fifth, (a snipe gets off.)—Crake indeed! You may take your long bill in against this world! You’ll wake to-morrow morning with a lumbago in your soft head.

Poor Sheridan could stand it no longer, but gave his countryman a handsome fee for his ingenuity, and proceeded on his beat alone.

### A Warning well Taken.

WHEN I began business I was a great politician. My master’s shop had been a chosen place for political discussion; and there, I suppose, I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year, I had too much to do and to think about to indulge my propensity for politics; but after getting a little ahead in the world, I began to dip into these matters again. Very soon I entered as deeply into newspaper argument as if my livelihood depended on it; my shop was often filled with loungers, who came to canvass public measures; and now and then I went into my neighbours’ houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time, and I found it necessary sometimes to work till midnight, to make up for the hours I lost. One night, after my shutters were closed, and I was busily employed, some little urchin who was passing the street put his mouth to the key-hole of the door, and with a shrill pipe, called out, ‘shoemaker, shoemaker, work by night, and run about by day!’ ‘And did you,’ inquired the friend, ‘pursue the boy with your stirrup, to chastise him for his insolence?’ ‘No, no,’ replied Mr. Drew; ‘had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, ‘true true, but you shall never have that to say of me again!’’ I have never forgotten it; and while I recollect anything, I never shall.

### A DEACON CONVERTED BY A DRUNKARD.—

We have noticed in some exchange papers an anecdote, of which the following is the substance.—Names are omitted, because we have not the copy at hand. An old toper, who was sensible of the ill consequences to himself and others of too great facilities for obtaining rum held out by those whose example ought to be good, called one evening on a rum merchant, Deacon —, to get his bottle replenished. After the Deacon had drawn the liquor, and while he was pocketing the pay—‘Deacon,’ said the toper, ‘what do you suppose I saw in imagination, while you were drawing the rum?’ ‘I don’t know,’ said the other, ‘what was it?’ ‘Why,’ said

the toper, ‘I thought I saw the devil leaning over you, and as he grinned a ghastly smile, exclaimed, *That’s the Deacon for me!*’

DOCTOR A—, physician of Newcastle being summoned to a vestry, in order to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, he dwelt so long on the fellow’s misconduct, as to raise his choler, and draw from him this expression:—‘Sir, I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you would been the last man alive to appear against me, as I have covered so many blunders of yours!’

STEPHEN KEMBLE happening to pass through Newport Market, the butchers set up their usual cry of ‘what d’ye buy? What d’ye buy?’ Stephen parried this for some time, by saying he did not want anything. At last, a butcher started from his stall, and eyeing Stephen’s figure from top to bottom, which certainly did not indicate that he fed on air, exclaimed, ‘Well sir, though you do not now want any thing, only say you buy your meat of me and you will make my fortune.’

THE GREAT EVENTS OF MY LIFE.—In a friend’s album, Mr. Smith keeper of the prints in the British museum, wrote a playful account of himself, in which is the following paragraph:—‘I can boast of seven events, some of which great men might be proud of—I received a kiss when a boy from the beautiful Mrs. Robinson; was patted on the head by Dr. Johnson; have held Sir Joshua Reynolds’ spectacles; partook of a pot of porter with an elephant; saved Lady Hamilton from falling when the melancholy news reached her of Lord Nelson’s death; three times conversed with King George the third, and was once shut up in a room with Mr. Kean’s lion.

DOCTOR RADCLIFF AND THE WIT.—It is said of the celebrated Dr. Radcliff, that he was not in the habit of paying his bills without much following and importunity, nor then if any chance appeared of wearing out the patience of his creditors. A paver, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door at Bloomsbury-square, and set upon him. ‘Why, you rascal,’ said the doctor, ‘do you intend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement and then covered it with earth to hide your bad work.’ ‘Doctor,’ said the paver, ‘mine is not the only piece of bad work that the earth hides.’—‘You dog you,’ replied the doctor, ‘are you a wit? Well, you must be poor—come in.’ The man was paid,

A DANDY once went to a doctor to be bled; the doctor after some time and trouble, succeeded in drawing blood from his trembling arm—whereupon the dandy, after a little of his fear had subsided, raised up his head and exclaimed, ‘Doctor, I think you are a great butcher?’ ‘Ay,’ said the doctor, ‘and I have just been sticking a great calf.’

MR. GARROW, some short time ago, examining a very young lady, who was a witness in a cause of assault, asked her, if the person who was assaulted, did not give the defendant very ill language; if he did not call him a d—d Scotch cobbler, and uttered words so bad, that he, the learned counsel, had not



impudence enough to repeat; she replied in the affirmative. 'Will you, madam, be kind enough, then,' said he, 'to tell the court what these words were?' 'Why Sir,' she replied, 'if you have not impudence enough to speak to them, how can you suppose that I have?'

At a ball given by the City of Paris to Buonaparte, was a Madam Cardon. The Corsican, in general, was not very fond of people who had become rich by any means but by his own favor. He had never seen Madam Cardon, whose name even he had never known before; but he had been told that her husband was possessed of great wealth. He walked towards her with a peevish sort of air, and said to her very abruptly—'Are you Madam Cardon. She made a profound courtesy to his query. Buonaparte continued his discourse—'You are very rich?' 'Yes Sir,' she said, 'I have ten children.' Buonaparte, struck with the delicate force of this reply, walked quickly away from her ladyship.

**IRISHMAN'S NOTION OF HANGING.**—An Irishman going to be hanged, begged that the rope might be tied under his arms instead of round the throat; 'for,' said Pat, 'I'm so remarkably ticklish in the throat, that if tied there, I'll certainly kill myself with laughing.'

**ADVERTISING.**—A little waggery in an advertisement has a good effect. A person in a country town at the commencement of his business, advertised that 'the largest favors would be most gratefully received, and smaller ones in proportion.'

**PAY IN ADVANCE.**—'William,' said a mother to her little son, 'if you go out in the street, I'll whip you.' The boy, with a knowing look replied, 'But, mother, if I let you whip me now, may I go out afterwards.'—*Balt. Vis.*

A YOUNG farmer having purchased a watch, placed it in his fob, and strutting across the floor, says to his wife, 'Where shall I drive a nail to hang my watch upon, that it may not be disturbed and broke?' 'I do not know a safer place,' replied his wife, 'than in our meal barrel, I'm sure no one will go there to disturb it.'

**DR. DONNE**, speaking of the Bible, quaintly says, 'Sentences in Scripture, like hairs in horses' tails concur in one root of beauty and strength; but, being plucked out one by one serve only for springs and snares.'

A BLIND man had a wife whom he loved to excess, though he was told that she was very ugly. A physician offered to cure him of his blindness—he would not consent to it. 'I should lose,' said he, 'the love for my wife, and that love is my happiness.'

A SEASONABLE HINT.—A day or two since, while a gentleman was examining a harness he had ordered of one of our mechanics, it was discovered that one of the buckles was deficient of a tongue. The master of the shop was apologizing for the oversight, when one of his boys sung out, 'If you have lost your tongue, I will lend you mine.' His impertinence was soon checked by the customer, with this remark: 'But I want a tongue that will keep its place.'

## The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1834.

**JUNE.**—The month of June may be justly termed one of the pleasantest in the whole year, for then Nature is arrayed in her most beautiful garment. It has been called the 'leafy month.' The flowers generally pass away with May, and June takes jurisdiction of the world in a more sedate manner. Go forth to the forest. There the leaves, quivering upon the lofty trees, are of a more glossy green, than at any other season—and the foliage more dark and heavy. Every sprig that vegetates, is fresh and under the full operation of life. What if the gaudy blossoms of Spring are gone—what if no pale, wild flowers nod to the passing zephyr—the more enduring charms which June exhibits are far more lovely. There is a spirit of life abroad in the earth that almost speaks—almost did we say?—yea, that thunders with eloquence, to him whose ears and eyes are open to nature's book of beauty. It is in June the fields, clad in their tall, luxuriant grass and grain, stand out for the play of the winds—and through the long sunny day, they 'run in grassy waves,' like the gentle billows of an ocean. It is in June where the streamlets, limpid and bright, pursue their onward course, sometimes brawling upon a rocky bottom, sometimes struggling among choked grass, sometimes sliding over tiny falls—yet beautiful through all. This month nature seems uncommonly assiduous. Every herb and vine are springing to maturity with all speed. The chestnut hangs out her tassels—the beech nourishes a few more twigs—and the pine and hemlock, those evergreens of our land, tip their boughs with a young addition. To one alone in the forest at this delicious month a thousand voices speak. The bland breeze, which titters and twinkles the many colored leaves of yon oak tells its own marvellous tale—and we listen to the gentle sound as if an angel had condescended for a moment to commune with us. Then comes the music of falling waters—chiming all day long through the woody aisles—and with such a drowsy, continued roar, we are inclined to linger and fall away in slumber amid its harmony. And there are voices abroad in the sky which are nameless. Immense insects, toil in the soil below, whose united tongues send up a richness of melody, that breaks with a strange beauty upon the listener. Aye, and the sky, too, is full—all life—all animation—winged specks that sing their song—live their Summer—and then die. This is June.

**RATHER FACETIOUS.**—We received a communication a few days since from a young lady, with the modest request that we would translate a Dutch paper for her, which she had in her possession. According to her epistle, she had turned it 'edge ways and side ways, corner ways and point-ways,' but yet could not *twist* common sense out of it—but as papers could not be read until printed, and could not be printed until read, she came to the natural conclusion that we must be amateurs in that idiom, and just the thing to furnish her with the English of it. Now, the fact is we are mere blockheads in Dutch. But we did not wish to avow it—and to a lady, too. 'At we shall be forced to it after all. However, for her information, we say, we have passed three sleepless nights in labor to please her. On the last we supplicated good old Dedrick Knickerbocker to lay aside his mouldy shroud, and arise from his dust, to 'enlighten our understanding.' Just as the prayer had escaped our lips, we recollected his faded portrait hung on our wall. He was full length in the true German costume. We turned our eyes upon it—the night wind swept damply by from an open lattice, stirring the frame—just then our half extinguished taper sunk in its socket, and the stern old German stepped forth into the shadowy apartment, and folding his brawny arms, stalked back and forth amid the moonbeams that were playing in from the latticed window. At length, halting abruptly directly in front of us, he stood with most intent gaze, as if he would scan every lineament and outline in our visage. 'Know thou, inexperienced youth,' said he at last, 'if thou wouldst command Dutch, it will be for thee to follow my prescription,' and 'throwing down a box, exclaimed, 'swallow the contents.' Upon this he vanished. We will inform our fair correspondent what the contents were, viz:—four jack knives—two bottles aqua fortis—

half a pint of pins, pointed at both ends—one quart of alcohol—and last, not least ten bunches of hog's bristles. P. S. We never shall translate Dutch.

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

W. T. S. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. M. Washington, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Northampton, Ms. \$1.00; J. B. W. South Lee, Ms. \$5.00; S. W. T. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; B. N. Schodack Center, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. S. Cherokee, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. A. Pittsford, N. Y. \$1.00; A. E. A. Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. New Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. J. Kingston, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. K. Elmira, N. Y. \$5.00; G. W. S. North Adams, Ms. \$2.00; W. L. Jr. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$5.00; A. A. W. Canaan, Ct. \$5.00; J. W. P. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. Attica, N. Y. \$1.00; D. M. C. Turin, N. Y. \$2.00; G. Y. Eatonville, N. Y. \$1.00; Post Master, Fredonia, N. Y. \$3.00; J. M'K. Livingston, N. Y. \$2.50; S. C. Pittsfield, Ms. \$1.00; T. C. C. Fitchburg, Ms. \$3.00; A. B. Moreau, N. Y. \$1.00; G. M. L. New Britain, Ct. \$2.00; J. W. East Rush, N. Y. \$1.00; N. W. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; T. N. Athens, N. Y. \$2.50; J. K. Canton, Ms. \$1.00; W. S. M. Lempster, N. H. \$0.87½; E. B. Bridgeport, N. Y. \$0.87½; P. M. Watervliet Center, N. Y. \$3.00; F. W. A. Cooperstown, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. East Lexington, N. Y. \$1.00; G. J. Hallenbeck's, Ms. \$1.00; M. W. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Champion South Road, N. Y. \$2.00; B. A. M. Buffalo, N. Y. \$4.00; A. S. Northfield, Ms. \$11.00; O. H. V. Cornwallville, N. Y. \$1.00; D. R. S. Bainbridge, N. Y. \$1.00; M. L. R. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; W. B. E. Unadilla, N. Y. \$1.00; C. P. F. East Poutney, Vt. \$1.00; N. H. Furnace Village, Ct. \$1.00; W. W. S. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; P. B. Denmark, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. C. Cornwallville, N. Y. \$1.00; T. G. T. Bern, N. Y. \$0.90; P. M. North Sparta, N. Y. \$1.00; S. L. H. Collinsville, Ct. \$0.90; D. P. U. Goshen, N. Y. \$5.00; J. W. Amber, N. Y. \$1.00; I. H. Jr. Dutchess, N. Y. \$6.00; J. M. B. South Orange, Ms. \$1.00; R. H. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. C. Austerlitz, N. Y. \$1.50; P. M. Beckman, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. Troy, N. Y. \$2.00; J. R. B. North Springfield, Vt. \$1.00; W. N. Prospect Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. B. South Lee, Ms. \$1.00; B. R. J. Brookfield, Ct. \$1.00; F. S. Bethel, Ct. \$1.00; W. O. Danbury, Ct. \$1.00; J. P. H. Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; N. W. M. Burlington, N. Y. \$1.00.

### SUMMARY.

New England owns nearly one half of the whole tonnage of the country. Massachusetts owns more than one quarter, and has the largest amount of tonnage of any state in the Union: having upward of twenty-six thousand tons more than the state of New York.

**A SLOOP BURNED.**—The sloop *Levant*, owned by Messrs. Fitch and Losee, of Albany, loaded with lumber, took fire on Thursday night week, while laying on the Overlaugh, and burnt to the water's edge. We understand there was no insurance, and that the loss will be about three thousand dollars.

Colonel William P. Smith returns thanks through a New York paper, to the proprietors of the Camden and Amboy Rail-road Line, for their kindness in conveying twenty-five of the expatriated Poles to the city of Philadelphia, free of charge.

An English nobleman lately gave an entertainment at Rome, on which was expended upwards of five hundred guineas: near twenty-five hundred dollars.

A new steam ferry-boat has been established at Poughkeepsie, which makes the passage across the river in little more than four minutes.

Mrs. Trollope is about to publish a work on western Germany.

The Buffalo Journal states that there are already many visitors at Niagara Falls.



### MARRIED.

In this city, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. W. Richards, Mr. George Parton, to Miss Elizabeth Woodbridge, all of this city.

In New York, on the 12th inst. Mr. Alonzo Raynor, merchant of Buffalo, to Miss Sarah, daughter of Samuel Rathbone, Esq. of the former place.

At Livingston, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. W. Richards, Mr. Peter Becker, to Miss Harriet Ackley.

At Athens, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cairns, Mr. Francis Talbot, of Cambridge, England, to Miss Mary Ann Woolsey, daughter of W. Woolsey, Esq. of the former place.

### DIED.

In this city, on the 3d inst. Harriet, daughter of Mr. Gorham Macy, aged 13 years.

In the city of New-York, on the 27th ult. Gaius Stebbins, formerly a resident of Hillsdale, in the 71st year of his age, a soldier of the revolutionary army.

At Albany, on the 4th inst. William P. Hosmer, in the 21st year of his age, son of the late John Hosmer of this city.

At Athens, on the 2d inst. Mr. Edward Heman, aged 33 years.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## Caballan Hall.

A LEGEND.

WHERE yon tower meets the eye,  
 With the ivy'd wreath o'erspread,  
 As the moon lights up the sky,  
 Comes a spectre from the dead;  
 Clad, as spectres ever are,  
 In a robe of purest white,  
 And sighs and moans are uttered there,  
 While it takes its solemn flight.  
 One there is who sleepeth not  
 While it pours its mournful wail;  
 Not a sigh, or word forgot  
 Of the melancholy tale.  
 'Woe to thy Lord, Caballan hall,  
 Woe to his wealth for it shall pall,  
 Woe to his pride for it shall fall;  
 And he, who once was proud and gay,  
 And sported in pomp and pleasure away,  
 Shall yet be sad as the silent grave,  
 And a cypress bough shall o'er him wave;  
 Yet not till retribution's given,  
 To appease the kindled wrath of Heaven.  
 Then the spectre sigh'd in agony  
 As she thus began her history.  
 'How sportive once was young Aileen,  
 Blooming a flow'r of seventeen,  
 And of all the laughing maiden's nigh,  
 None was more wild and gay than I.  
 Go to the glittering festive hall,  
 Where the gay were assembled all,  
 Where beauty bloom'd and wit shone bright,  
 And sorrow left with eagle flight,  
 Then ask as ye gaze upon the scene,  
 "Who was the loveliest flower?" Aileen?  
 As such a time young Donald came,  
 And told of a pure and ardent flame,  
 He spoke of Love's eternal power,  
 And the loveliness of the moonlight hour;  
 He sigh'd, and swore his passion true,  
 And ere that night we bade adieu,  
 I own'd that I knew such feelings too.  
 Kindred and friends I left for him,  
 Oh! now it seems like a midnight dream—  
 And though my life were since all pain,  
 Fain would I dream that part again.  
 Scarce had we reach'd Caballan Hall,  
 Ere my young hopes were doom'd to fall;  
 For three short moons were barely spent,  
 When the clarion of war was heard;  
 Each sword was drawn, and each brow was bent,  
 Arous'd was each noble Laird—  
 Then Donald call'd for his prancing steed,  
 And the sword he was wont to wield,  
 And sighing, 'adieu!' with quickened speed,  
 He rode to the battle field.  
 How bled my heart at that parting hour,  
 How sad was my bosom then!  
 And not all the treasures of earth had pow'r  
 To cheer the soul of Aileen.  
 Long did I look for my Lord's return  
 To gladden the bosom he left forlorn,  
 And as every prancing hoof I heard,  
 I ran to see if it were my Laird;  
 But he came not then, and a weary year  
 I listened but did no tidings hear,

And I almost sank in black Despair.  
 At length he came, and I flew to meet him,  
 But ah! with what welcome could I greet him!  
 For he brought to this hall another bride,  
 And bade me go!—I swooned and died!  
 So they laid me here by this willow tree,  
 And breath'd not a sigh, or a thought for me.  
 Nightly I come with the rising moon,  
 (For Heaven hath granted me this boon,)  
 And I sing this story in his ear,  
 Till he starts aghast, and shrinks with fear,  
 And shrieks aloud, 'away!'  
 But I may not cease this solemn tale,  
 Reflection's dread, and dismal wail,  
 Till yonder breaks the day.  
 For him is there found no gleam of rest,  
 But remorse is raging within his breast  
 And a sickness of the heart  
 Is felt, like the worm that never dies,  
 And tho' to pleasure and sport he flies,  
 They cannot relieve the smart.  
 Woe to thy Lord Caballan Hall,  
 Woe to his pride, for it shall fall—  
 For a blight shall his ruthless soul o'erspread,  
 And vainly he'll wish he were with the dead—  
 But see, the moon is beginning to wane,  
 Donald adieu, I'll meet thee again—  
 Lo! yonder is breaking the rising day,  
 My time is up, away! away!  
 And the spectre prepared for her silent flight,  
 And dissolved away in the mists of night.

Brockport, 1834.

E. W. H. E.

## The Young Poet.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

No titled birth had he to boast,  
 Son of the desert, fortune's child;  
 Yet not by frowning fortune cross'd—  
 The muses on his cradle smiled.—DERMODY.

The tone of his wild harp oft beguiled  
 The sorrow that dimm'd his eye,  
 And the spirit that breathed in his song was mild  
 As the breath of the moonlight sky:  
 The call of ambition, whose magic fills  
 The vista of life with its thousand ills,  
 Though it spoke to his heart of a proud career,  
 Never woke one kindred emotion there.

The bright spell of beauty that light hearts wear,  
 In the dreaming of childhood known,  
 All dimm'd by the dark gelid shades of care,  
 Went fading when youth came on:  
 Yet the pure, warm sunshine of feeling, threw  
 Its halo upon him, when life was new;  
 And fairer than Eden's first morning bloom,  
 Illumined his pathway through years of gloom.

He has gone from the cold world's sympathy,  
 To the garden of life above,  
 In the strange, bright regions of poesy,  
 And beauty, and light, and love:  
 Through the depths of that many-spangled way,  
 Where the children of fancy are wont to stray,  
 To the blissful home of the deathless nine,  
 Where the stars of genius forever shine.

## Lines to a Young Mother.

The following lines, from the Transcript, are evidently  
 from the pen of Charles Sprague, Esq. He seldom writes  
 of late, and then only when deep feeling, or some great  
 occasion, calls for strains that few in our country can pour  
 out with so much of the harmony of the olden time.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Young mother! what can feeble friendship say  
 To sooth the anguish of this mournful day!  
 They, they alone, whose heart's like thine have bled,  
 Know how the living sorrow for the dead;  
 Each tutor'd voice, that seeks such grief to cheer,

Strikes cold upon the weeping parent's ear;  
 I've felt it all—alas! too well I know  
 How vain all earthly power to hush thy woe!  
 God cheer thee, childless mother! 'tis not given,  
 For man to ward the blow that falls from Heaven.

I've felt it all—as thou art feeling now;  
 Like thee, with stricken heart and aching brow,  
 I've sat and watched by dying beauty's bed,  
 And burning tears of hopeless anguish shed;  
 I've gazed upon the sweet, but pallid face,  
 And vainly tried some comfort there to trace;  
 I've listened to the short and struggling breath!  
 I've seen the cherub eye grow dim in death;  
 Like thee I've veiled my head in speechless gloom,  
 And laid my first-born in the silent tomb.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## RURAL REPOSITORY,

Eleventh Volume, (Second New Series.)

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 7th of June, 1834, will be issued the first number of a new volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY. On issuing proposals for the Eleventh volume (Second New Series) of the Repository, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of his publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say that no pains nor expense, consistent with a reasonable compensation for his labor, shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

## LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the Rural Repository, desirous of presenting his readers with superior original matter, and of encouraging literary talent, offers the following premiums, which he flatters himself may be considered worthy of notice by some of the writers of the day.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20.

For the best POEM (not less than forty lines) \$5.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose and will, after being decided upon, be considered the property of the publisher.

## CONDITIONS.

The RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 212 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with new type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, the contents of which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

**TERMS.**—The Eleventh volume, (Second New Series) will commence on the 7th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum in advance or, *One Dollar & Fifty Cents*, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. *3¢* No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 7th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, N. Y. June, 1834.

*3¢* EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

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*3¢* All Orders and Communications must be *post paid* to receive attention.